

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Ginseng  
Summrs

Pockets on fat like Santa  
Pour that dirty wock in my Fanta  
Just got home from fucking on a dancer  
He don't want no fucking cancer  
All up on her face, I got no manners  
YSL jeans check out my glamer  
Off an oxy, perc fuck up my grammer  
Keep a fucking pole keep a hammer  
Free my nigga Bugga out that slammer  
White hoe, call that hoe Pamela  
Gold all in my mouth like David Banner  
G-star jeans cost some racks  
Told that lil hoe throw it back  
Yes I'm getting money and that's fact  
Skinny nigga but my bitch ass fat  
What you wanna do, know where I'm at  
Clouted up got that bitch attached  
I smoke gelato I don't wanna match  
You blowing reggie throw that in the trash  
Look what she gon do for some cash, aye  
She gone suck the gang and that's facts, aye  
Came in this bitch with no mask, aye  
Chains too legit and that's facts, aye  
In a beamer coupe in a jag, aye  
What's up with you boo just relax  
I don't need you girl relax  
I just need the loot yeah the racks  
Girl your nigga fu, and that's facts, aye  
He don't even really shop at Saks, aye  
Girl that nigga shop at TJ Max  
Me and JustDeuce gone off them tabs

Yeah yeah  
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Yeah yeah